

PLAN IS TALKED

Expressions on the Proposal for an Exposition.

IDEAS ON THE PROMOTERS

Do Not Ask Much of Town People. Views of Local Men—Favorable and Unfavorable.

The last steamer from San Francisco brought a second letter from the promoters of the Industrial Exposition and Agricultural Fair scheduled to be held in Honolulu in May or June of this year. They state that the manufacturers, merchants and producers of the Pacific Coast, who have resolved to participate in the Exposition, are very desirous to know the feeling of the merchants in Honolulu toward their scheme. Nothing has been received by them from the Islands in reply to the letter sent by Hawaiian Consul Charles T. Wilder, of San Francisco, (published in this paper) in which the aims and objects of the proposed Exposition were fully outlined.

Charles De Garmo Gray is the author of the last letter. He is anxious to impress upon the minds of the merchants of Honolulu that the exhibitors have no desire, or intention, to change the present system of business in Honolulu. "They simply wish to show, by spending their own money," writes Mr. Gray, "that they desire the friendly relationship already existing between the Hawaiian merchant and producer, to continue. Since the writing of our first letter to Consul Wilder, additional assurance has been made of a desire on the part of a large number of other manufacturers, to make exhibits in Honolulu, and we are now assured of a sufficient number who will pay liberally for space, to meet all expenses. There is no question but that the Exposition will be held during May or June, if the merchants will only give us an expression of their feeling toward the project. The manufacturers insist that they must have the patronage and moral support of the merchants before they will undertake it."

Mr. Gray also mentions in his letter that the manufacturers will make expenditures in Honolulu aggregating over \$10,000 in connection with the Exposition.

Mr. Gray will be notified that the entire matter will be taken up and discussed at the next meeting of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Advertiser has interviewed a number of merchants concerning their attitude toward the scheme. All have their own ideas about the matter and very few coincide. Secretary J. G. Spencer, of the Chamber of Commerce, says there was unfavorable talk among some of the merchants at the last meeting of the Chamber. President Atherton was confined at his home on account of illness, and his views on the matter could not be ascertained yesterday.

W. W. Hall, of E. O. Hall & Son, has no objections to offer. He would patronize the Exposition and would be glad to become acquainted with the manufacturer or representative of any line of goods carried by him.

Fred Lewis, of Lewis Brothers, has the same feeling about the matter. Mr. Lewis does not believe, however, that the proposed Exposition would accomplish the results that would warrant the manufacturer to make heavy expenditures. "You see the entire population in Hawaii is about 115,000 and the consumption of any particular brand of goods must necessarily be small and limited. While the Royal Baking Powder Company has a business with the Islands amounting to nearly \$75,000 yearly, a partake concern could not develop a business of over \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year. It is these manufacturers who will lose. We would gladly welcome them to our city, if they choose to come in spite of such conditions."

J. J. Egan fears that it would be a mistake for the Exposition to be held during the coming spring, because there are no hotel accommodations for the people. It would give the visitors a bad impression of the city. Mr. Egan favors a postponement until fall, when Honolulu will be in a better position to take care of her guests.

Manager Girdler, of N. S. Sachs & Company, stated that he had been in the dry goods business for twenty-five years. He is learning new things every little while and is confident that an Exposition such as is planned could only result in a mutual benefit for the manufacturer and merchant. The consumer would also be the direct recipient of such a benefit.

The Manufacturers' Shoe Company has faith in the Exposition. W. H. Smith said that the visit of a shoe manufacturer to the Islands with the latest line of shoes would enable them to select bargains for the people. "We have a display of white canvas shoes in our windows now which are new and specially adapted to this country. This is the result, you see, of a recent interview with the manufacturer."

T. W. Hobron believes that the Exposition would be a good thing for the merchant. The results obtained might not be satisfactory to the manufacturer.

Hyman Brothers did not care much whether the manufacturers came or not.

Capt. J. M. Camara, the wine merchant, said he would work for the Exposition.

E. C. Macfarlane is confident that sufficient additional hotel accommodations will have been erected by May to shelter all who come to the Exposition from the coast.

B. F. Dillingham would like to see a closer alliance between the manufacturer and merchant.

Fully a dozen other merchants spoke

In a similar tone. They felt that as long as the manufacturer wanted to show his goods at his own expense, that they were entitled to the patronage and co-operation of the Honolulu merchants. Only good could come of the thing.

To Try Trolley

Mr. Payne, manager for the Tram company, said yesterday that arrangements were going ahead in a satisfactory manner for installation of an electric experiment line by his company. This was first announced in the Advertiser a couple of months ago, then contradicted in another paper, but Mr. Payne says without his authority. Overhead trolley will be used. It is likely that the corporation will postpone work on the street until Mr. Neumann, the attorney, returns from the coast, as a legal fight is anticipated.

Mr. Payne says the profits of the Tram company for the past six months are not so great as people might imagine, on account of the very marked advance in the price of hay and grain.

HE HAD THE PULL

Words on the Latest Remarkable Promotion.

Col. Barber and Col. Smith—Comparison of Services and Rewards Made.

(Examiner, Dec. 11.)

Yesterday's dispatches from Washington gazetted Col. Thomas H. Barber of the First New York Volunteer Infantry, to be Brigadier General, doubtless (although this is not mentioned) because of the severe campaign which Col. Barber fought on the peninsula of San Francisco and his overwhelming victories won against tremendous odds amid the tropic shades of Hawaii, where he may have commanded as many as seventeen regiments and ordered more than a dozen salutes without losing a man, unless he got lost in the military shuffle or died of eating embalmed beef.

Col. Barber is a haughty example of the New York nobility, and is chiefly distinguished for his wealth. He is reputed to have money to throw at the birds. It is not forgotten how when he arrived with his command in San Francisco and the vivid odors of Camp Richmond were brought between the wind and his nobility he turned up his haughty nose and remarked that "the camp might do for common soldiers, but not for such as he and his."

Straightway he used his pull, which is mighty, and had his regiment transferred to the Presidio, where they stayed until they sailed away across the tropic seas to the islands of the annexed district. In Honolulu the New Yorkers, although gallant in parade, did not behave themselves very well, and in fact rather disgusted the peaceful people of those happy islands, who did not understand why they should be visited with a horde of undisciplined louts and hoodlums. However, after an elegant and bloodless sojourn in Honolulu Col. Barber had enough of war's alarm, and once more putting his pull in operation, had himself and his men shipped home again. Like the King of France, he had marched his army up the hill and then marched down again. For these military services he is now gazetted a Brigadier, because republics are not ungrateful when you have a pull.

On the other hand, there is plain Col. Jim Smith, commanding the First Regiment of California Volunteers. We all saw him and his men go out with the very first expedition to Manila to take their chances in a real war among savages and fevers. They did their fighting gallantly when called on, and the lives of some of them were given for their country. Now they are bidden to further service of danger at Iloilo, and they are not backward to respond. Their commanding officer is a splendid soldier, but apparently he has no pull, and still he is plain Col. Jim Smith.

Look on this picture and on that.

Martin Smith to Marry.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Allen, of San Francisco, to Martin Smith, formerly of Honolulu, but now of San Francisco. Miss Allen is a charming young society lady. She visited Honolulu this summer, accompanied by her mother. The couple will be married in February and will spend their honeymoon in the Islands, returning to San Francisco to reside.

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IN A HOSPITAL

The Patients Are All "Boys" and They Love Company.

WITH INMATES OF BUENA VISTA

A Weakness for Pie—The Labor of Mrs. Hughes—Names for Nurses—Home Longing.

(Written for the Saturday Advertiser.)

Companies of the First New York Volunteers have left us, and as ship after ship has sailed out of the harbor bearing homeward the boys who have dwelt in our midst there has been a feeling of thankfulness. The familiar alohas have carried a heartfelt "God speed," for the boys were off to home and safety, off to where the yawning jaws of a hospital no longer threatened to close upon them. The Military Hospital on King street is closed and the past few months with its weight of sympathetic interest in the soldier boy is changed into the happier present with pictures of his welcome home.

But there are still one hundred and twenty-five sick soldier boys in Honolulu. In one big ward, both long and broad, are the boys who are left behind. The boys who are going on the 24th, and the boys who hope to go on the 24th, and the boys who know they are not well enough to harbor thoughts of home just yet. And they are all together at the Military Hospital on Nuanuan avenue. If there is anything in the adage: "Misery loves company," surely it might be exemplified at the Buena Vista Hospital.

There is every kind of boy, from those of whom a fond mother would plead: "Boys will be boys," right through the gamut of boy characters. And each one of those boys, different though they may be, has one point in common now; they all long for "company." "It relieves the monotony," they declare. And so they welcome a visitor with a flattering warmth.

"Sit down," says one boy, as he motions you to a seat at the foot of his bed. "Ah, now you look as though you were going to stay. Do you belong to the Red Cross, or did you just come by chance? Well, as long as you are here it doesn't matter how you came."

"Don't hurry off," begs another, "it is no use to see you. Will you come soon again? Never mind bringing us anything; only just come." "Only just come." That is the sentiment of these boys away from home. They long for a sight of some one from the outside world.

They have another sentiment in common—the volunteer. There is not one of them who will ever be a volunteer again. Much has been said about the regular and the volunteer. Material for volumes is awaiting the enquirer at the Buena Vista Hospital. Would they enlist again? Yes, if their country needed them, but not as a volunteer.

There is still another sentiment in common among these boys—PIE! Pie has laid a number of them low. There are some who are afraid of it; there are others who would brave death for it. There was one boy who did. He was convalescent and progressing favorably on a safe diet. But the diet was too safe to be satisfactory to the heart—or the stomach—of a boy. So he made, as he expressed it, "a sneak for pie." At a Chinaman's across the street he bought one of a fair size and of a taste, the unholy joy of which is known only to forbidden fruit. He had a relapse and raved of pie. They pulled him through and he said that "pie was no joke." They felt that he had profited by the hard lesson; and he had.

But the boy in the next bed only saw the relapse; he had not been the sufferer, so he too patronized the Chinaman across the street. They pulled him through, too; and the boys say that this is a good thing for the pie business. "Boys will be boys," and the others—those afraid of pie—have relapses on pineapples, or other eatables equally dangerous to a typhoid convalescent. A lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, whose life was spared of him, but who was saved through the devoted nursing of a young wife who followed him to Honolulu, has just had a relapse from eating canned corn. How he got it is one of the mysteries puzzling the Buena Vista Hospital. A typhoid convalescent is so hungry that future sickness fades into insignificance when there is the present temptation of a favorite dish.

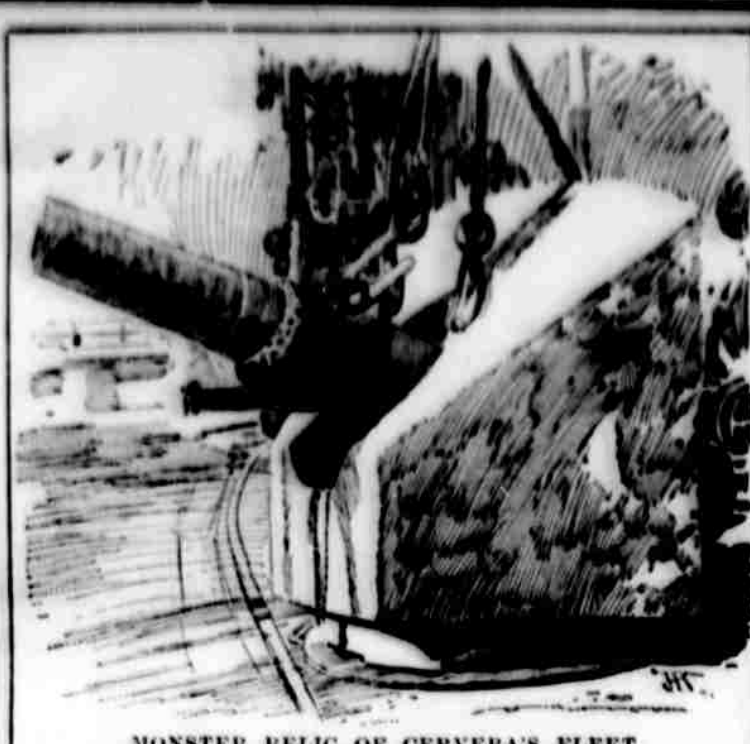
There was one patient who did not plead for forbidden dishes. A docile, quiet, uncomplaining, satisfied young fellow. His nurse wondered why his mouth was so often black about the lips and tongue, but he was desperately ill and she put it down to a bad phase of typhoid. When he died plugs of tobacco were discovered under his mattress. He had chewed himself into a peaceful end. "The ruling passion strong in death."

But it is not every case that has a relapse. There was young Riley; a good-looking, frank-faced, dark-eyed boy of whom his companions say: "Riley has the gift of gab." His was a "chance" case; the doctors had given him up; around him was the screen which told the story of an ebbing life; poor Riley was beyond ice sponges; there was no remedy left untried and every remedy had failed.

"When Riley dies we will change the beds on his side of the room." "When Riley dies there is a malaria patient to be moved into Ward B." "When Riley dies—" was the pivot upon which hinged every event in his ward.

But Riley lived to tell the tale and to laugh and joke over "the Riley pivot."

There is plenty of fun at the Buena Vista hospital, for boys love fun, but



MONSTER RELIC OF CERVERA'S FLEET. At the Washington navy yard Uncle Sam has four 12 inch guns with their mounts and shields, taken from the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo. The accompanying picture from the New York Tribune shows one of the Teresa's guns and gun mounts.

In the environment of sickness there must be the other side as well. There is a boy who has been in bed forty-eight long days; such a brave, patient, hopeful boy. They will not let him sit up in bed even, and the weariness of forty-eight days on one's back—a boy's back, too—may be imagined. But this boy has been very ill, and he wants to get well; so despite the weariness he obeys the doctor's orders. He is going to get over this, he will see them all at home yet; so he lies there with a calendar before him and counts the days, courageous and persevering in his fight for health.

Just outside the big ward, near the door that leads from the veranda, on a narrow cot, in a tiny room, lies one who braved death, not through a patriotic sentiment, but because of a warm heart; the big heart of a little woman, a mere girl in years. At the time when every available nurse in Honolulu had been procured for the Military Hospital, and still there were not enough, when the boys were dying for lack of the care so necessary in typhoid cases, when distressing stories were suddenly being told of lives sacrificed because of inefficient men, nurses, or else too few and over-worked women, Mrs. Hughes volunteered to help at the Military Hospital, and the services of this sweet-faced little woman were gratefully accepted.

Mrs. Hughes came to Honolulu for her health, having had an operation some months ago which, although a cure, had left her nerves in a weakened condition. It took a great deal of persuasion to induce her to leave her husband, for she was happily married and as they were not well off it meant a separation for the young couple. But the doctors insisted on a sea trip, and at last she came. Alone, with no restraining home ties, with health completely restored, Mrs. Hughes saw no reason why she should not go to the boys who needed help. Once at the hospital, she threw herself into her work, heart and soul. One of her patients was Granville Welles, in whose case so much interest was felt. For days he hovered between life and death, while Mrs. Hughes scarcely left his side for her meals. When night came and the other nurses went home for a well earned night's rest, Mrs. Hughes stayed with her helpless boys who were in danger. Granville Welles was beyond human help, and his devoted nurse could not save him in spite of constant and tender care, but the sick he grew the more untiring was her work over this patient in whom she had grown to take a mother's interest. When he died Mrs. Hughes was exhausted in body and mind, but there were other boys almost as sick and her untiring efforts helped other young lives to "pull through."

At last her boys were well; and then, though not before, Mrs. Hughes gave up. She had been working with a high temperature and dangerous symptoms which she had persistently disregarded. When she could be spared she went to bed. But it was too late. They call it nervous prostration and gravely mention complications, but "worn out" is the every day diagnosis of this nurse's case; and the best of doctors would have difficulty in finding the supernatural strength lent by her tender heart can understand that exhausted nature has at last rebelled and laid her low. Far away from home, husband, friends; alone, helpless, sick in body, heart-sick, home-sick. But she helped the soldier boy.

There have been many devoted nurses to soothe and minister to the boys when, ill and suffering, they longed, with a longing that amounted to actual pain, for home and mother. There was one girl who left her ward with a cheery word and a bright smile and wept her soul out, when the boys could not see her, because there was not enough milk for her cases. "I must have milk for them, my poor boys," she moaned. "I can't go back without milk."

And the boys are appreciative; they know that in many instances good nursing has saved them. They talk of "Mother Moses," the present matron, with a tender inflection on the mother, and they have an affectionate remembrance of "Mama Lemon," who was matron of the hospital on King street, and who helped to care for the boys when nurses were scarce.

"My Honolulu Lady" was one boy's pet name for his nurse. "I owe my life to 'My Honolulu Lady,'" he would say gratefully. He had been in danger for many days; finally he grew even worse and was delirious. They moved him to a tent outside where his ravings would not disturb the other patients, and there "My Honolulu Lady" nursed him away, out of the very jaws of death. When he was better they sent him to the Puncbowel Hospital. And one day he came back to where he had been so ill, to thank his "Honolulu Lady" for what she had done for him. She looked at her boy with pride. He had been so sick, so helpless, so pitiful in his weakness. Now he was beginning to look well and strong; soon he would be safe at home. Her eyes were full of happy tears as she gazed at him; and as for her boy—he winked fiercely for a few moments, but boys don't cry. She went back to her duties with renewed energies, and the boy returned to Puncbowel. Two days after he was dead. His Honolulu Lady's work had been in vain; he had caught a cold and it had turned into pneumonia.

The "Century Flowers" were two nurses; but they never knew it. The boys said that the flower part of it offset the age implied; still they could not be quite sure that this explanation would be soothing. "Women are uncertain, coy and hard to please."

There are no "cold feet" patients at the Buena Vista Hospital. On King street there was some boys alarmingly ill before a transport was to sail for Manila. They could not be induced to leave their beds, and seemed so weak they could scarcely raise their hands to their heads. But when the ship sailed, they recovered with a rapidity that was a study in mind cure science. There are no ships for Manila now; they are all sailing towards home. And there are no more "cold feet" patients.

Brave boys, self sacrificing nurses; that is the tale of the Military Hospital. If appreciation, praise and prayers could help them the Military Hospital would be closed for lack of work.

And hovering over Mrs. Hughes is the watchful interest, the heartfelt aloha, not only of all the boys, but of the people.

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